

The West Jersey Pioneer.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Education, Science, Arts, Amusements, Mechanics, Agriculture, Temperance, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.—Independent of Party or Sect.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE!

BRIDGETON N. J. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858.

VOL. X—NO 564

C. E. EDWARDS.
J. W. EDWARDS.
EDWARDS & BROS.
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTISTS.
JONES OF MAIN AND SECOND STREETS
MILLVILLE N. J.

D. H. SMOCK.
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
Office in the brick building S. W. corner of Com-
merce and Pearl sts. Ap 10-11.

J. A. HOAGLAND.
Attorney at Law,
Solicitor, Master & Examiner in Chancery,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
Office on Commerce St., over the CHRONICLE
Office.

C. P. VANDERVEER. B. F. ARCHER.
VANDERVEER & ARCHER,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS AND TEA DEALERS,
N. 3 Market Street,
RIDGEWAY HOUSE,
PHILADELPHIA.
March 14, 1857-17.

C. S. MILLER & CO.
CHEAP FANCY DRY GOODS
AND TRIMMINGS STORE,
GROSSCUP'S BUILDING, CORNER OF LAUREL
STREETS, BRIDGETON, N. J.

A. A. TAYLOR. M. E. NEWKIRK
Taylor & Newkirk's
FANCY
DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE,
COMMERCE STREET,
BRIDGETON, N. J.

OLIVER S. BELDEN, M. D.
OFFICE SITUATED ON LAUREL ST.
Opposite the First Presbyterian Church,
Having testimonials of scholarship from
schools and positions of influence, I hope through
a close attention to the duties of the physician to
secure the confidence of the community in practice
of medicine.
Bridgeton, June 12, 1853.

J. C. KIRBY, SURGEON DENTIST.
(successor to J. D. Harbert.)
respectfully offers his professional
services to the inhabitants of Cumberland County
and the public generally.
Office in the row of brick buildings, five doors
west of E. Davis & Son's hotel, formerly occupied
by J. D. Harbert.
Mar. 28, 1857-7.

S. B. WOODRUFF.
No. 26 Commerce Street
DEALER IN
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.
May 29.

J. D. HARBERT, SURGEON DENTIST
LATE OF BRIDGETON.
No. 1330 Pine Street, near Broad
STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
N. B.—The "Pine Street" Unions, from the
Exchange, pass the door every ten minutes.
May 15, 5m

DEY STREET HOUSE
54 56 & 58 Dey Street,
NEW YORK.
Kept on the European Plan. Meals at all
Hours of the Day.
LODGING ROOMS 50 CENTS. CROTON WATER
IN EVERY ROOM.

R. B. Sharrets
Sept. 25th '58.

Henry Neff, SURGEON DENTIST.
COMMERCE ST., a few doors east
of the Presbyterian Session
Room and directly opposite the new
Baptist Church, still continues to practice Den-
tistry in all its various departments.
I have been using electricity in extra teeth, and it
dies really prevent the feeling of pain under the operation
in all cases. I have attracted the teeth with the most sat-
isfactory results.
Bridgeton, June 27, '57.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE & TRUST CO.
CAPITAL STOCK, \$500,000.
COMPANY'S Building, Walnut street, S. E.
Corner of Fourth, Philadelphia.
Life Insurance at the usual Mutual rates, or at
Joint Stock rates, at about 20 per cent less, or at
Total abstinence rates, the lowest in the world.
A. WHILLDIN, President,
J. C. SIMS, Secretary,
WM. S. BOWEN, Agt., and Medical Examiner,
Bridgeton N. J., 8-11-12-13.

WEST JERSEY R. R. CO.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT
ON and after Monday, October 18th 1858
the Cars of the West Jersey Railroad will
leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:
LEAVE PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut street Wharf, at 8:45 and 11:15 A. M., and 2 and
4 o'clock P. M.
LEAVE WOODBURY,
7:45 and 9:45 A. M., and 1 and 3 P. M.
Pass between Philadelphia and Woodbury, 25 cts.
Oct. 25-17.

BECK & LAWTON,
MUSIC PUBLISHERS,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
No. 632 CHESTNUT STREET,
(CORNER OF SIXTH).
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JOSEPH HILLIER'S
LOOKING-GLASS &
Picture Frame Store.
Gift and Fancy Wood Frames, made to order.
No. 65 North Second Street,
Fourth door below Arch Street, East side,
PHILADELPHIA.
Oct. 2, 1858-7.

DENNIS & JONES,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
SPERM, LARD, SEA ELEPHANT, WHALE,
TANNERS' & MINERS' OIL, ALSO,
SPERM, SOLAR SPERM, AND
ADAMANTINE CANDLES.
Warehouses—No. 24 South Wharves, Manufac-
tory, Christian St., below Seventh, Philad'a.
Nov. 15, 1850

THEODORE DIAMANT,
Near the Hotel,
Cottleville N. J.
Cash paid for Broom Corn,
Brooms, Broomhandles, and Broom Twine
For sale. Also, Brooms made up on shares
and by the piece, by
THEODORE DIAMANT,
Cottleville N. J.
Sept 15 '58

Choice Poetry.



VANITY OF LIFE.

The evils that beset our path
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.

If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.

Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

A fever or a blow can shake
Our wisdom's boasted rule,
And of the brightest genius make
A madman or a fool.

—NEWTON.

Western Correspondence.

MARSHALL CO. ILL. NOV. 8, '58.

MR. EDITOR:—We are having a long
"spell of weather," just now. For more
than two weeks we have not had one clear
day. The sun has managed to shine a few
hours, three or four times, but the various
clouds were sure to gain the victory, and
chase the brightness from the sky. Not
much rain has fallen, however, just sufficient
to keep the sloughs in a semi-fluid state of
mud. The prairie is dreary enough now,
especially beneath such a sky. Not a single
green thing enlivens the landscape, as
far as the eye can see. Evergreens are not
found here, except in some localities near the
rivers. On the shores of Lake Michigan,
however, they are plentiful. They would
give life and beauty to the landscape in win-
ter, which is no trifling thing; and they would
assist in breaking the force of the strong
winds, and thus promote the comfort of the
inhabitants, and the growth of vegetables.

It would, I am confident, do more for the
fruit, than anything else. Some persons
contend that fruit can never succeed well
here; but I cannot believe this. It is true
peaches have proved an entire failure, on ac-
count of the very severe winters for three
years past. They grew and bore well, pre-
viously, I am told. I think the trouble in
regard to fruit-trees, lies in the lack of pro-
tection from the violent winds, and proper
care in setting, and after treatment, more
than in soil or climate. It is here as every-
where else; not one person in fifty takes
proper care in setting trees and after they are
stuck into the ground, they very often receive
no more attention. Can anybody expect
fruit trees to do well, when treated thus?
As well may we expect to grow up virtuous
and intelligent, with no training, or advan-
tages of education. People are so absorbed
in raising wheat and corn, that they cannot
think of anything else, but the time will
come when Illinois will be as famous for fine
fruit as any State in the Union. Some of
the finest apples I ever seen were grown in
Fulton Co. Illinois.

The past season has been one to be remem-
bered. Such oceans of rain as have fallen
here! It commenced raining in April, and
for three months it rained almost daily.
And it just poured down too, flooding the
prairie until it was so saturated, that water
could be found, anywhere, within two or three
feet of the surface. Every slough was a
running stream, and they have been full of
water all summer, a circumstance which
rarely occurs. The roads were entirely im-
passable, in many places, and some conti-
nents so all summer. All the cellars were
full of water, almost even with the surface,
and people dipped water out of the wells
with a tin-cup. Now and then, by way of
variety, a tornado of wind, rain, and hail
swept over some part of the country, demol-
ishing houses and in some instances, de-
stroying life. We have had more thunder
and lightning than I ever knew in one sea-
son. When the rains commenced, very few
of the farmers had finished sowing wheat, so
much of it was got in very late. It was im-
possible to plow low lands, so that much less
corn was planted than would have been in a
dry spring. Many persons planted as late as
the 20th of June, and it was feared that a
large part of the crop would not mature; but
the hot, dry weather in September brought it
well forward, and as we had no hard frosts
early, it is much better than was anticipated.
The wheat crop, as your readers are, doubt-
less, aware, was a failure. It looked fine un-
til some two or three weeks before harvest
when it was attacked with rust. Many farm-
ers did not cut an acre, and many who did
got only from three to ten bushels per acre.
The best yield I heard of, in this section,
was 15 1/2 bushels per acre.

It is said, by old settlers, that every sev-
enth year is a very rainy one. Whether this
is true or not, I do not know; but I really
hope I shall never see another such one as
this; not in this land of mud, at any rate.

Vegetables have done but poorly, in con-
sequence of the very late spring and the

heavy rains; and I hear that potatoes are rot-
ting badly. Altogether, it is a very bad
year. As a natural consequence of the fail-
ure in crops, the times are hard. The farm-
ers have but little, comparatively, to sell,
and prices are low; everybody, farmers, me-
chanics, traders, are in debt, and as they de-
pend on the wheat crop to pay, of course
they cannot pay, and as a natural conse-
quence, equities and constables have plenty
of business. In fact, it is no disgrace for an
Illinois man to be in debt and sold out now
and then, in these times. I am inclined to
think people are rather proud of it, for they
talk about it as freely as if it were an honor
for the constable to visit them. But little
money is used, in comparison with the
amount of business transacted; notes of
hand are used instead, as almost everything,
except grain, is bought and sold on a year's
credit. This makes prices sound alarmingly
high to an easterner. There is a great dif-
ference, of course, between cash prices, and
those due a year hence. Debt is the curse,
the nightmare resting on the West. The
farmer owes the merchant, and he owes the
Eastern merchant; and since the farmer
depends on his wheat to pay, of course, if
that fails, as it has this year, every depart-
ment of the trade is paralyzed, and the
East suffers as well as the West. When
the Western farmers learn to keep out of the
clutches of that monster, debt, the vast re-
sources of that Garden of the World will be
fully developed, and not till then.

We have had but little hard frost, up to
this time. Last fall, we had as cold weather
in October, as any last winter. Everything
froze up suddenly, and the thermometer
went down to a figure, which, it made one's
fingers tingle to think of. But our cold
weather this fall, is yet to come. People
are busy plowing for spring wheat, when the
weather will let them. They have faith to
believe that it cannot always fail.

Nov. 25th.—During the past two weeks
we have had several light snows, and some
pretty cold weather. Very little corn is
gathered yet, and morning and evening im-
mense flocks of brant; and wild geese pass
over the cornfields, where they find a
plentiful feast. They roost along the rivers,
and about the ponds. Large numbers of
wild ducks frequent the sloughs, so that
game is abundant. Deer are sometimes seen
on the prairie, but they, like the Indians,
are very shy of civilization. They follow
the westward track of the red men, and
soon will be as rare here as in old Jersey.

The principal objections to these rich prair-
ies is the scarcity of wood. Farmers ob-
liged to buy fencing of the lumber dealers,
as a general thing, until hedges can grow.
Plenty of good white pine lumber can be
had for about the same prices as with you.
It is brought down by railroad and canal,
from Chicago, which, by the way, is the
greatest lumber market in the world. This
scarcity of wood, would effectively prevent
the rapid settlement of the country, were it
not that Dame Nature has provided an
equivalent in the shape of vast deposits of
coal. It is the soft, or bituminous coal and
is found along the river bluff, extending,
no one can tell how far. One thing is cer-
tain—a thousand years of mining, could not
exhaust the supply. It is mined from the
face of the bluffs. It is good fuel, burning
with a clear strong blaze, but offensive to
those who are accustomed to wood, on ac-
count of its peculiar odor while burning, and
the smutty smoke. But nobody need fear
cold weather while so plenty of it is to be
had for six to eight cents per bushel.

Brick is used for building, to some extent
in this section, but the principal material is
wood. In some parts of the State, the very
best of limestone abounds in inexhaustible
quantities. As the country improves, stone
and brick take the place of wood to a great
extent. The most singular objects I have
met with out here are the "nigger heads."
Perhaps some of your readers do not under-
stand to what this elegant name applies.—
Well, "nigger heads," are stones found every-
where on the prairie, but mostly near the
sloughs. They are of all sizes, from a
man's fist, to rocks of a ton or more weight.
Their singularity consists in the fact, that
they are totally unlike any other rocks found
in the country; and in this shape, they be-
ing invariably roundish, as if worn by long
and violent attrition. They are remarkably
hard too, hence this popular name. They
have evidently been brought here by an im-
mense volume of water at some remote pe-
riod. How many questions and imaginings
arise in connection with this and other mys-
teries of Nature. In many places petrified
remains of trees are found while digging
wells, showing that once these plains were
not treeless as now, and that some vast change
has made them as they now are. Verily,
the works of God are wonderful and past
fading out.

"Now, George, you must divide the cake
honorable with your brother Charles."
"What is 'honorable' mother?"
"It means that you must give him the
largest piece."

"Then mother, I'd rather that Charley
should divide it."

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

An Interesting Experiment.

MR. EDITOR, Dear Sir:—I send you for
publication an experiment made by that emi-
nent English electrician, the late Andrew
Crosse, one of the most remarkable and re-
liable men of his time. I give you the ex-
periment in his own words. He says: "I
took two garden pots; I stopped up the holes
in the bottom of each with a cork, and then
filling them with earth, placed them side by
side in close contact with each other in a
large pan of water. I next planted a single
sound potato in each pot, and made a
conducting communication by means of two
platinum wires between the earth in each pot
and the opposite poles of a voltaic battery,
in weak but constant action. One end of
each wire plunged about four inches deep in
the earth of each pot, but at a distance
from and not touching the potato. Thus,
one of these potatoes was planted in a posi-
tively electrified earth, and the other in earth
negatively electrified. After awhile the
negative potato contracted the disease, was
decomposed, emitted the peculiar fœtid
smell of the diseased potato; the garden pot
was filled with the same kind of insects
which infest the diseased plant. On the
other hand, the positive potato did not con-
tract the disease, nor did it emit any small
nor yield any fœtid liquor, nor was there a
single insect visible in the positive pot. The
effect, however, on the positive potato was
most singular, for, when removed from the
earth, it appeared that it had neither shot
out root, nor stem, but while perfectly solid
and unbroken, it externally resembled a
shriveled apple both in smell and appear-
ance." Mr. Crosse further remarks, that he
invariably found negative electricity injuri-
ous to all vegetation, except the develop-
ment of fungi. Positive electricity, on the
other hand, he found most favorable to all
vegetation, except all fungoid appearances,
which it entirely checked. Wm. A. A.

A STORY FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

One of the best stories we have met with
for some time, as ingeniously but truthfully
giving a lesson that many young married
people need, we clip from the *London Fam-
ily Journal*.
"Where are you going, George?" asked
Mrs. Wilson as her husband rose from the
tea table, and took his hat.
"Oh, I'm going out," was the careless
response.
"But where?" asked his wife.
"What odds does it make, Emma?" re-
turned her husband. "I shall be back at my
usual time."
The young wife hesitated and a quick
flush overspread her face. She seemed to
have made up her mind to speak plainly up-
on a subject that had lain uneasily upon her
heart for some time, and she could not let
the opportunity pass. It required an effort,
but she persevered.
"Let me tell you what odds it makes to
me," she said in a kind but tremulous tone.
"If I cannot have your company here at
home, I should at least feel better if I knew
where you were."
"But you know that I am safe Emma—
what more can you ask?"
"I do not know that you are safe, George,
I know nothing about you when you are
away."
"Pooh! pooh! I. Would you have it that
I am not capable of taking care of my-
self?"
"You put a wrong construction upon my
words, George. Love is always anxious
when its dearest object is away. If I did
not love you as I do, I might not be thus
uneasy. When you are at your place of
business, I never feel sure, because I know I
can seek and find you at any moment, but
when you are absent during these long even-
ings, I get to wondering where you are. Then
I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought
follows another, until I feel troubled and
uneasy. Oh, if you would only stay with
me a portion of your evenings!"
"Ah! I thought that was what you were
aiming at," said George, with a playful
shake of the head. "You would have me
be here every evening."
"Well, can you wonder at it?" returned
Emma. "I used to be very happy when
you came to spend an evening with me be-
fore we were married; and I know I should
be very happy in your society now!"
"Ah," said George, with a smile, "those
were business meetings. We were arrang-
ing then for the future."
"And why not continue so to do, my hus-
band? I am sure we could be as happy now
as ever. If you will remember, one of our
plans was to make a home."
"We have certainly a place in which to
live," answered the wife somewhat evasi-
vely.
"And it is our home," pursued George.—
He added, with a sort of confident
dourness, "home is the wife's position pro-
prio. She has charge of it, and all her
work is there; while the duties of the hus-
band call him to other scenes."
"Well, I admit that, so far as certain du-
ties are concerned," replied Emma. "But
you must remember that we both need re-
laxation from labor; we need time for social
and mental improvement and enjoyment;
and what time have we for this save our
evening? Why should not this be my home
for an evening, as well as in the day time
and in the night?"
"Well—isn't it?" asked George.
"How can it be if you are not here?—
What makes a home for children if it be
not the abode of the parents? What home
can a husband have where the wife is not?
And—what real home comfort can a wife
enjoy where there is no husband? You do
not consider how lonesome I am all alone

here during these long evenings. They are

the very seasons when I am at leisure to en-
joy your companionship, and when you
would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is
worth enjoying. They are the seasons when
the happiest hours of home life might be
passed. Come will you not spend a few of
your evenings with me?"
"You see enough of me as it is," said the
husband, lightly.

"Allow me to be the best judge of that
George. You would be very lonesome here,
all alone."

"Not if it was my place of business, as it
is of yours," returned the young man.—
"You are used to staying here. All wives
belong to home."

"Just remember, my husband that pre-
vious to our marriage I had pleasant society all
the time. Of course I remained at home
much of my time, but I had a father and a
mother there, and I had brothers and sisters
there, and our evenings were happily spent.
Finally, I gave up all for you. I left the
old home, and sought a home with my hus-
band. And now have I not a right to ex-
pect some of your companionship? How
would you like to have me away every
evening while you were obliged to remain
here alone?"
"Why? I should like it well enough,"
he replied.

"Ah, but you would not be willing to try
it."

"Yes I would," said George, at a ven-
ture.

"Will you remain here every evening
next week, and let me spend my time among
my female friends?"

"Certainly I will," he replied; "and I
assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you
imagine."

With this the husband went out, and was
soon among his friends. He was a steady,
industrious man and loved his wife truly;
but, like thousands of others, he had con-
tracted a habit of spending his evenings
abroad, and thought it no harm. His only
practical idea of home seemed to be that it
was a place his wife took care of, and he
could eat, drink and sleep, as long as he
could pay for it. In short, he treated it as
a private boarding-house, of which his wife
was landlady; and if he paid all the bills
he considered his duty done. His wife had
frequently asked him to stay at home with
her, but she had never ventured on any argu-
ment before, and he had no conception of
how much she missed him. She always
seemed happy when he came home, and he
supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wil-
son remained true to his promise. His wife
put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he
would remain and "keep house."

"What will you do while I am gone?"
Emma asked.

"Oh, I shall read and sing and enjoy my-
self generally."

"Very well," said Emma. "I shall be
back early."

The wife went out, and the husband was
left alone. He had an interesting book, and
he began to read it. He read till eight o'-
clock, and then he began to yawn, and look
frequently at the clock. The book did not
interest him as usual. Ever and anon he
would come to a passage which he knew
would please his wife, and instinctively he
turned as though he would read it aloud, but
there was no wife to hear it. At half past
eight he began to pace the floor and whistle.
Then he got his flute, and played several of
his favorite airs. After this he got a chess-
board and played a game with an imaginary
partner. Then he walked the floor, and
whistled again. Finally the clock struck
nine, and his wife returned.

"Well, George," said she, "I am back in
good time. How have you enjoyed your-
self?"

"Capitally," returned the husband. "I
had no idea it was so late. I hope you have
enjoyed yourself."

"Oh, splendidly!" said his wife. "I had
no idea how much enjoyment there was
away from home. Home is a dull place, af-
ter all—isn't it?"

"Why—no—I can't say that it is," re-
turned George, carelessly. "In fact," he
added, "I rather like it."

"I'm glad of that," returned Emma, "for
we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You
shall have a nice comfortable week of it."

George winced at this, but he kept his
countenance and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to
go away again.

"I shall be back in good time," she said.
"Where are you going?" her husband
asked.

"Oh, I can't tell exactly. I may go to
several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again,
and he tried to amuse himself as before;
but he found it a difficult task. Ever and
anon he would cast his eyes upon that
empty chair, and the thought would come,
"How pleasant it would be if she were
here!" The clock finally struck nine, and he
began to listen for the step of his wife.
Half an hour more slipped by, and he be-
came very nervous and uneasy.

"I declare," he muttered to himself, af-
ter he had listened for sometime in vain,
"this is too bad. She ought not to stay out
so late!" But he happened to remember
that he often remained away much later
than that so he concluded that he must
make the best of it.

At a quarter to ten Emma came home.

"A little late, am I not?" she said look-
ing up at the clock. "But I fell in with
some old friends. How have you enjoyed
yourself?"

"First rate!" returned George, bravely.
"I think home is a capital place!"

"Especially when a man can have it all
to himself," added the wife with a sidelong
glance at the husband. But he made no
reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to
go out as before; but this time she kissed
her husband ere she went, and seemed to
hesitate.

"Where do you think of going?" Geo.
asked, in an undertone.

"I may drop in to see Uncle John," re-

plied Emma. "However, you won't be un-

easy. You'll know I'm safe."

"O, certainly," said her husband; but
when left to his own reflections he began to
ponder seriously upon the subject thus pre-
sented for consideration. He could not
read, nor enjoy himself in any way, while
that chair was empty. In short he found
that home had no real comfort without his
wife. The one thing needed to make home
cheerful was not present.

"I declare," he said to himself, "I did
not think it would be so lonesome. And
can it be that she feels as I do, when she is
here all alone? It must be so," he pursued
thoughtfully. "It is just as she says. Be-
fore we were married, she was very happy
in her childhood's home. Her parents
loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved
her, and they did all they could to make
her comfortable."

After this he walked up and down the
room several times, and then stopped again
and communed with himself.

"I can't stand this," said he. "I should
die in a week. If Emma were only here I
think I could amuse myself very well. How
lonesome and dreary it is! And only eight
o'clock! I declare—I've a mind to walk
down as far as Uncle John's and see if she
is there. It would be a relief if I only
saw her. I won't go in. She shan't know
that I hold out so faintly."

George Wilson took another turn across
the room, glanced once more at the clock,
and then took his hat and went out. He
looked the door after him and then bent
his steps toward Uncle John's. It was a
beautiful moonlight night, and the air was
keen and bracing. He was walking along,
with eyes bent upon the pavement, when he
heard a light step approaching him.—He
looked up, and—could not be mistaken—
saw his wife. His first impulse was to
avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George," she said in surprise, is this
you?"

"It is," was the response.

"And you do not pass your evenings at
home?"

"This is the first time I have been out.
Emma, upon my word; and even now I
have not been absent from the house ten
minutes. I merely came out to take the
fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George. Will you
go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband.

She took his arm, and they walked home
in silence. When Emma had taken off her
things, she sat down on her chair, and look-
ed at the clock.

"You are home early to-night," remark-
ed George.

The young wife looked up into her hus-
band's face, and, with an expression, half
smiling and half fearful, she answered, "I
will confess the truth, George; I have given
up the experiment. I managed to stand it
last evening, but I could not bear it to-
night. When I thought of you here all
alone, I wanted to be with you."

"It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed
myself at all. I have no home but this."
"Say you so?" cried George, moving his
chair to his wife's side, and taking one of
her hands. "Then let me make my own
confession. I have stood it not a bit better.
When I left the house this evening, I
could bear it no longer. I found that this
was no home for me, while my sweet wife
was absent. I thought I would walk down
by Uncle John's and see your face, if pos-
sible. I had gazed upon your empty chair
till my heart ached." He kissed her as he
spoke, and then added, while she reclined
her head upon his arm. "I have learned a
very good lesson. Your presence here is
like the bursting forth of the sun after a
storm; and if you love me as I love you—
which, of course, I cannot doubt—my pres-
ence may afford some sunlight for you. At
all events, our next experiment shall be to
do that effect. I will try and see how much
home comfort we can find while we are both
here to enjoy it."

Emma was too happy to express her joy
in words; but she expressed it nevertheless
and in a manner too, not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home
by both husband and wife, and it was a
season of much enjoyment. In a short
time George began to realize how much
comfort was to be found in a quiet and
peaceful home; and the longer he enjoyed
this comfort the more plainly did he see and
understand the simple truth, that it takes
two to make a happy home, and that if the
wife is one party, the husband must be the
other.

Washington as a Farmer.

The following extracts from "Irving's
Life of Washington," showing his love for
country life, and his habits as a farmer, will
interest our readers, if they love their farms
as he did his.

In his letter from Mount Vernon, he
writes: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this
place, and I hope to find more happiness in
retirement than I ever experienced in the
wide and bustling world."

This was a deliberate purpose with him—
the results of enduring inclinations. Thro-
out the whole course of his career, agricul-
tural life appears to have been his